

Pirates of the Sun

Story: Pirates of the Sun

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/1659605/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Humor/Parody

Author: Lotus4

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/383029/>

Last updated: 12/28/2003

Words: 2469

Rating: T

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Pirates of the Carribean with Golden Sun charecters in the lead roles. Think, Captain Piers Sparrow....On temporary hiatus until I get some inspiration for it. Sorry all.

***Chapter 1*: Pirates of the Sun**

Pirates of the Sun

By Lotus.

Disclaimers: I don't own Golden Sun. It is owned by Camelot and Nintendo. Although, you never know...I may own it soon; my army of killer robots is coming along quite well...

A/N: Pirates of the Caribbean with Golden Sun characters stuck in the main roles. Sure, it's probably been done before, but I just couldn't resist.

Piers: You could too resist. You just wanted an excuse to torture me, didn't you?

Lotus: Maybe...

Piers: As if Rain on the Ocean wasn't enough Piers torture...
(A/N-within-an-A/N: Rain on the Ocean is a Piers angst fic that has yet to be posted.)

Lotus: It certainly wasn't.

Piers: So, who else did you drag into this nightmare?

(Felix, Sheba, Alex, Isaac, and a random Mercury Djinni show up out of nowhere.)

Sheba: So, basically, you brought us all here to participate in a Piers torture fic?

Lotus sighs with exasperation: No...I brought you all here so you could fill in the lead roles for Pirates of the Sun.

Piers reading the script: WHAT?? What have you done with me?!

Lotus: ^_^ Don't complain, Piers...You've got the biggest part!

Felix reading over Piers' shoulder and grimacing: If this is what you have to do, I shudder to think of what's in store for the rest of us...

Sheba: O_O Felix!! *You spoke*!!

Felix: 9_9 Sheba, the mute virus went away. I can speak. Get over it.

Sheba: You spoke *again*!!

Lotus: *Any*way, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, the fic is rated PG-13 (because the movie's PG-13) Couples: Sheba/Felix, of course, with hints of Isaac/Mia.

Sheba: I should've guessed.

Lotus: A-*hem*...I will try to be as faithful as I can to the movie, but bear in mind that most of this is from memory, because my family gets a little annoyed when I pause the movie every three seconds to write it down. Also, some of the sight gags, such as Jack Sparrow's entrance, will be cut off, because, frankly, sight gags just don't work on paper. Thank you. Now, on with the show!

Act 1

Introduction

The HMS Dauntless moved with deliberate slowness through the water, as though determined to impress its majesty upon

any who beheld it. It was, after all, a ship of the Royal Navy.

On the deck, staring out at the sea, a little girl stood, singing softly to herself, her blond hair swaying in the wind.

(Sheba: Tell me that isn't who I think it is...)

"Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me..." She sang. "Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me."

Suddenly, someone grabbed her from behind, and the girl started.

"Keep quiet!" Mate Iodem Gibbs whispered. "Cursed pirates sail these waters. Ye wouldn't want to bring 'em down on us, would ye?" He looked furtively around, as though he expected a pirate to jump on him at any minute.

(Sheba: Wait a sec. Mate Iodem? And why am I twelve years old?)

(Lotus: You'll find out soon enough.)

"That will do, Mister Gibbs." The young Lieutenant Isaac Norrington cut in.

"She was singin' 'bout pirates." Iodem protested. "Bad luck to be singin' bout pirates when we're mired in this unnatural fog...mark my words."

"Consider them marked." Lieutenant Isaac retorted. Iodem skulked away, muttering, "Even worse luck to have a woman on board...even a miniature one..."

"I think it would be rather exciting." Young Sheba Swann said brightly, looking up at the Lieutenant. "Meeting a pirate, I mean."

"Think again, Miss Sheba." The young lieutenant replied. Vile and dissolute creatures, the lot of them." He paused, his face stony. "I shall personally see to it that any man who wears a pirate's brand or sails under a pirate flag shall get what he deserves..." In response to Sheba's look of confusion, he gave a short, humorless chuckle. "A short drop and a sudden stop."

(Isaac: What? Why am I a Lieutenant? I can't even drive a boat! I had to get Mia to drive when we left with Babi's ship!)

*(Lotus: You *steer* a boat, Isaac, you don't "drive" it...)*

(Isaac: See? One more reason why I shouldn't be a Lieutenant!)

(Sheba: Care to switch? I'd much rather be a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy than twelve years old and nauseatingly cute.)

(Isaac: And furthermore, why am I so morbid? A short drop and a sudden stop? What's with that?)

But before any more could be said, Governor Faran came between the two of them.

"I, ah, appreciate your fervor, Captain, but...I am concerned about discussing such topics in front of my daughter." He smiled, rather nervously. "So, if you would."

"It doesn't scare me, father." Sheba cut in. "About the pirates and everything. I think it's fascinating."

"Yes." Governor Faran agreed. "That's what I'm afraid of."

Sheba looked over the side of the boat. To her surprise, a parasol was floating in the water, by the ship. Curious, she followed it as it drifted through the water; then, something else caught her eye.

"Look!" She shouted suddenly. "Look! There's a boy in the water!"

The still body of a little boy, barely older than she was, was floating toward the ship.

On the deck, someone shouted, "Man overboard!" and a group of sailors got to work hauling the small boy onto the ship.

The boy was unconscious, but doubtlessly alive. The sailors had laid him across the deck when Gibbs' turned to the coast and exclaimed, "Mary, mother o' God!"

Governor Faran turned to his daughter, whispered, "He's in your care for now.", and turned to join the other sailors looking out the side of the ship.

The ship that floated in the water behind them was in ruins; it burned from stern to stem, the sails had burned away, and what was left of the hull was blackened and charred.

"Probably an accident." Norrington concluded. "The powder magazine must have exploded; merchant vessels are heavily armed."

"Lotta good it did 'em." Iodem Gibbs gravely intoned. "Everyone here's thinkin' it, I'm just sayin' it." He stared ahead. "Pirates."

Meanwhile, little Sheba looked over the boy's unconscious body. Long, wet brown hair clung to his pale, freckled face,

and his eyelashes were long and dark.

(Sheba: Did I ever tell you how beautiful you are when you're sleeping, Felix?)

(Felix: Sheba, this is me when I was twelve years old...)

Slowly, she brushed stray strands of hair away from his face. At that, the boy started awake, gasping for air.

"Shh. It's okay." She reassured him. "My name is Sheba."

The panicked expression left the boy's face. "F-Felix Turner." He stammered.

Sheba gave him a smile. "I'm watching over you, Felix."

(Felix: Oh, joy. I feel so much safer now.)

(Sheba: 'I'm watching over you'? What kind of dumb line is that?)

Felix looked at her for a moment, then tumbled backwards, unconscious.

Sheba was worried, but then, she noticed that Felix was clutching something tightly in his left hand. Curious, she opened up his hand and saw a strange, golden, medallion, emblazoned with a mandala pattern of circles and triangles and an eerie, grinning skull in the center.

"You're a pirate!" She whispered in surprise.

Quickly, she hid the medallion behind her back as Lieutenant Norrington passed by.

"Did he say anything?" He asked, looking over at Felix.

"His name's Felix Turner." She replied. "That's all I found out."

"Very well." Lieutenant Norrington nodded, then walked away.

When Sheba was sure that he was gone, she took out the medallion and looked it over once more. But as she held it up to the light, something else caught her eye.

A huge ship sailed just behind them, its sails black and tattered. A grinning skull and crossbones flag hung from the top of the mast—a pirate flag. And as the ship turned and sailed away, the skull on the flag seemed to fix its unblinking gaze on Sheba.

(Sheba: Oh I'm so scared. Oh no! It's a flag! Oh, it might attack me!)

(Felix: Hey, look! Up ahead!)

(Isaac: Yes! We've finally come to the end of the italics!)

* * * *
_ _ _

Sheba's eyes suddenly snapped open. She looked around, a bit disoriented. She was in her own bed in the governor's mansion. She must have been dreaming.

(Sheba: Dreaming of you, Felix...)

(Felix turns pink)

Moving quietly, she took the oil lamp that lay on her nightstand and walked over to her jewelry box. There, in the secret compartment in one of the drawers, lay the golden

medallion that she had taken from Will's neck eight years ago.

Sheba started at the sound of a loud knock on the door. From outside, her father's voice called "Sheba?"

Hurriedly, Sheba slipped on the necklace, pulled on a dressing gown, and got back into bed.

"Sheba?" her father continued to knock. "Are you decent?"

"Yes, father." She replied. At that, the door opened.

"Still in bed at this hour?" Her father questioned. A serving maid opened the curtains, and light flooded the room.

"I have a gift for you." He continued, holding out a box. Sheba opened it and found a beautiful dress inside.

"Why, Father, it's lovely!" She exclaimed. "Might I inquire as to the occasion?"

"Does a father need an occasion to dote upon his daughter?" The governor replied. Sheba nodded, then walked over behind her dressing screen.

"Actually," he added, "I was hoping you might wear it for the ceremony today."

"Ceremony?"

"Captain Isaac Norrington's promotion ceremony."

"I knew it."

"*Commodore* Norrington." The governor laughed. "He fancies you, you know."

(Isaac: I *what*? No I don't!)

(Sheba: Isaac, it's called acting. It doesn't mean you *really* have to 'fancy' me.)

(Isaac: I just hope I don't have to kiss you or anything. Mia would have my head on a stick...)

When his comment was met with silence, Governor Faran asked, "Sheba? How's it coming along?"

"It's difficult to say." Sheba gasped as her maids tightened her corset.

"I'm told it's the latest fashion in London."

"Well--gasp--women in London must have learned not to breathe..."

(Sheba gasping for air: No kidding...gasp ...can't breathe...)

(Felix: You look nice, though...)

(Sheba's face is turning blue.)

At that moment, the butler entered the room. "Governor," he said, "There's a visitor for you."

Felix Turner looked around at the mansion's foyer. Felix, by now, was a grown man of twenty, and an apprentice to the town blacksmith.

"Ah. Mister Turner." Governor Faran greeted him and he descended the stairs. "Good to see you again."

"Good day, sir." Felix smiled brightly. "I have your order." With that, he pulled out the box he had been carrying, opened it, and presented the sword held within it to the governor.

(Sheba: O_O He's using the Orli Voice...and he has the Orli Smile...swoons, though mostly from the dress)

(Felix turns even pinker)

"The blade is folded steel." He commented admiringly, looking at the sword. "That's gold filigree laid into the handle. If I may?" He held out his hand, and Faran handed him the sword.

"Perfectly balanced." He added. "The tang is nearly the full width of the blade." With a flamboyant flip, the blacksmith handed the blade back to the governor.

"Excellent." Faran nodded. "Commodore Norrington will be most pleased. Pass my compliments on to your master."

"I shall." Felix answered, secretly glowing with pride. "A craftsman is always pleased to know that his work is appreciated."

At that moment, Sheba walked down the stairs, and the governor looked up at his daughter. "Oh, Sheba, you look absolutely stunning."

(Felix: Yes, you certainly do...)

(Sheba tries to smile, but ends up just gasping for air)

Sheba looked up, smiled at her father, then saw the young blacksmith standing beside him. "Felix! It's so good to see you!"

Felix looked up at Sheba and felt his heart skip a beat.

"I had a dream about you last night, Felix." She grinned.

"About me?" Felix tried hard not to turn red.

"Sheba, is that entirely proper?" Her father turned to her, giving her a disapproving look.

"About the day we met, do you remember?" Sheba continued, completely ignoring her father.

"How could I forget, Miss Swann?"

"Felix, how many times must I ask you to call me Sheba?"

He paused for a moment, at a loss as to how to respond. "At least once more, Miss Swann. As always."

A change came over Sheba's expression. Her smile disappeared, and she regarded Felix almost coldly.

"There. See? At least the boy has a sense of propriety. Come, Sheba." The governor handed Sheba her parasol and led her out the door.

"Good day, Mister Turner." Sheba frowned at him as she walked out the door, climbing into her waiting carriage. Felix followed them out the door, looking at Sheba's carriage.

"Good day..." He whispered. "Sheba..."

(Isaac: We will now sit around and contemplate all possible synonyms of the word, 'loverboy.')

(Felix's face is now the approximate shade of a stop sign. Sheba is turning a few interesting shades of pink, too, which, combined with the oxygen-deprived blue already on her face, makes her look like an eggplant.)

* * * *
_ _ _

Lotus: Well, that's it, folks! The end of chapter 1!

Isaac: Is it over?

Lotus: Oh, hell no! It ain't even started yet! After all, the main character isn't in it yet!

Isaac: Oh no...

Lotus: And you, lucky little boy, have yet to propose to Sheba!

Isaac: O_O....

Sheba: O_O in a strangled whisper Lotus?

Lotus: Jah?

Sheba: Can I take this corset off now?

Lotus: Oh sure. Leave it off till the next chapter.

Sheba loosens the corset and takes a deep breath

Lotus: looks around Hey, has anybody seen Piers?

Alex: I believe he's hiding somewhere in your C drive...want me to go look for him?

Isaac: O_O Alex? Whose side are you on?

Alex: 9_9...um, hi, Isaac. I'm the villain. Remember me?

Lotus: Read and review! Chapter 2 coming soon!